

WHOLE NUMBER 7,902

been there in a month but I have been

been there in a month, but I have been here so many times that I know just how it looks." Dr. Paine said, "Then you put that report in your pocket before Dr. Edwards sees it, and go over with me and look at Ward 14." I saw them coming and received them at the door, touched my forehead, and stood at attention. The inner doors were open so that you could look down the whole ward, and Dr. Remington stood at the head of the ward, looking at my face. "Well," said he, "this is a transformation! Who is the Ward master," again respectfully touched my forehead and said, "I am, sir." He asked, "how did you get the floor so white? Why is it clean enough to eat from, and your beds, I never saw anything like. You there are like a regiment of soldiers standing on line at attention! Each one exactly like the others," and then with a smile, he said, "I am on guard duty." "They are used every night," Dr. Paine said. "I thank you. I will tell this to the board and make out another, also I will send my ward master down here to get some lessons. Why there is not a ward so the ground equal to this," and in a week the doctors who had not troubled us by their presence called to see Ward 14. Even Dr. Edwards and Dr. Cormick came and Dr. Edwards made the compliment happy saying, "Ward master, you have done well. Anything you think you need for reason, make out a requisition for it and you shall have it." The men in the ward were as pleased as we, that the ward, which always had been spoken of as the Rowdy ward, should now set up to the other wards as an example, but we kept the secret of a clean floor from the other ward masters. They mopped the floor with soap and water every day, and scrubbed the bedsteads, and gave a good scrubbing with brooms, before we mopped, and that made the difference. But at beds, they did look beautiful, I

see them now in my mind's eye. Ev-
bed with a white and blue counterpa-
with the counterpane carefully folded
the bottom (no loose ends) white pil-
cases, and the sheets folded below so
about 14 inches of the white above
and evened out the top of the bed
if possible. I wish you could have
seen them. When I was transferred
from Ward 1 to Ward 14, there were
four spittoons allowed to each Ward.
In my second requisition I asked
eight more spittoons, and more table
etc., than the rules allowed. This
sent to Dr. Edwards for him to
denial. He sent for me and asked
reason. I told him that I was
was not getting in bed all
like the sick wards, but they were
convalescent (nearly all) and wore
ing checks, cards, or other ga-
and were so interested in their ga-
that if no nurse were present re-
than set up and look for a spittoon
would split on the floor. You
this ward kept in order. I think
necessary to have beyond the
low as in the other wards.
"very well." After he said
my requisition, sent it by two
nurses to the quartermaster. The
came back without the things, so
the quartermaster said the requi-
was not made out according to
rules, and he would not fill it.
quietly walked over to Dr. Ed-
office and reported accordingly.
I ordered was sent for the quartermas-
ter. He asked why he did not fill the
order. The quartermaster said the
qu Coast Hospital. The quartermas-
qu Coast Hospital. The quartermas-

lized to the army and would not
regulation signed by any citizen.
Dr. Edwards took up the regulation
turned it over, and said, "I balc

the regular army, and am your sub-officer. Do you see my name and this requisition? If you ever recall a requisition again, with my name, I will put you under arrest, and send you back to your quarters. Ward read your requisition to the quartermaster's department," and I did it was filled. "The purges through everything asked for. The quartermaster had perhaps not noticed Edwards' signature the first time, so the quartermaster, was a major, a grade lower in rank.

(To be Continued.)

In Memoriam.

A most impressive service was at St. Joseph's church Thursday, when a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated and a memorial service held for those who lost their lives in the battleship Maine disaster. The altar was, as is usual at such occasions, draped in black, and streamers, and white wreathes festooned from the top of the ceiling to the walls. In the middle aisle was a catafalque, with the flag and having on top of it our uniform, with cap and cross-belt, while on either side ranged large candelabras with candles, and a guard of honor composed of a detachment of marines from the Naval Station, stood about the catafalque. There was also a large detachment of the boys and men from the Training station, army and navy officers and government officials, who were seated in the central portion of

church, and the other parts of the office were crowded with citizens. The services consisted of the marriage ceremony, which was celebrated by the pastor, Mr. Deady, assisted by Father McDonnell and Father Downing. The deacons and Father Downing were the officiating clergymen. Bishop Harkins and the Rev. Mr. Luby of St. Mary's were also present. The ceremony took place in the sanctuary. At the conclusion of the service, Bishop Harkins gave a very impressive manner of the burial, in which the dead heroes had been buried in their country and the less learned by their lives and example which he recited the funeral service and the exercises closed with the granting of the absolution.

Mr. John T. Lewis has gone for a six weeks' vacation.

IKE'S GENEROSITY.

By Thomas P. Montfort.

Ike Dawson furnished a living example of the truth of the idea that there is something good in everybody. He illustrated the fact that there was something good in himself, and after that those who knew him were quite ready to believe that there was not a human being who was altogether bad.

Dawson was not a cowboy, yet there was not a man who was better known in the range from one side of Kansas to the other. He owned no ranch, he neither bought nor reared any cattle, yet he was one of the most thrifty cattlemen on the plains.

In plain words he was a cattle thief, and four or five others formed a little band who thrived by stealing cattle from different herds and selling them to buyers who were not over scrupulous. Having got them at little expense he could afford to sell them cheap and consequently he had little trouble in finding purchasers.

Naturally, the cattlemen had no love for Dawson. They did not admire his style of business. He was active, progressive and energetic, and that was all right; but his loose way of accumulating property at the expense of other people was quite a different thing. That was not all right.

The cowboys had it in for Dawson, and if they could ever get hold of him they would have forced him into involuntary retirement in short order. He would have made a more or less graceful exit from business at the end of a rope, following the example of more than one enterprising gentleman who had retired promptly and permanently from illegitimate cattle dealing on short notice.

Dawson was well aware of the feelings the cowboys entertained for him, and he made it a point to keep as much as possible out of their way. However, there were times when his business interests brought him into pretty close contact with them, and frequently he had a pretty narrow squeak for his life.

On more than one occasion he was chased across the prairie by a gang of bruto cowboys, his horse keeping time to the rapid firing of pistols while bullets whizzed about his head like an army of angry hornets. But he always rode the fleetest steed that could be had and he was not long in leaving his pursuers a safe distance in the rear.

It was during one of these flights from a gang of vengeful cowboys that Dawson did a generous thing, bringing sunlight and gladness into three dark and miserable lives. It was an act which showed that, in spite of all his faults, there was still burning in his bosom a spark of true humanity.

He had just eluded his pursuers and seen them give up the chase and turn back when he came upon an old, rickety covered wagon standing at the edge of a belt of timber near a little water course. He was about to pass without giving the wagon more than a cursory glance when suddenly there came to his ears a long, low, plaintive moan that told too plainly a story of deep mental anguish. Involuntarily he stopped and listened and after the lapse of a moment the moan was repeated, only this time it was more pitiful, more pathetic than ever.

As hard as Dawson was that moan touched his heart and stirred it strangely. Without hesitation he dismounted and walked to the wagon and raising the cover cautiously looked in. One glance was enough. It revealed to him a sad and touching picture.

Stretched on a bed of straw at one end of the wagon was the lifeless form of a poor emaciated woman while huddled together near her, gazing agonizingly on her cold features, were a man and two little children. The living were almost as pale and hollow-eyed as the dead.

Dawson drew away from the wagon to a little distance and for two or three minutes stood deeply engrossed in thought. A remarkable change had come over his features and instead of the hard, cold, wicked expression that was natural to him, there was a softness and a gentleness in his eyes and face that was entirely new.

"Poor woman," he muttered at last with a sigh. "Poor little kids!" he added after a pause.

He went back to the wagon and reaching in touched the man on the shoulder.

"Come out here a moment," he said wittily. "I want to speak with you."

The man got up slowly and stiffly and climbed down from the wagon. Dawson noticed that he was very frail and that he reeled and staggered as he walked.

"What do you want with me?" he asked of Dawson.

"That is your wife in there?" the latter replied questioning.

The man nodded.

"When did she die?"

"About an hour ago."

"Malaris?"

"Yes; she's been sick a long time, and I started sick myself. I got here yesterday and stopped. She had been worse and I could go no further. I got a doctor last night, but he could not help her, and this morning she died."

"What are you going to do now?"

"I don't know."

"You'll have to bury her."

"Yes, I know."

"Have you any money?"

"Not a cent."

"Humph!"

"The doctor said I would have to apply to the county and have her buried as a pauper. I don't like to do that, though, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't."

"I might sell the wagon and notes for enough, but they are all I have left, and I don't know what would become of the children."

"No, it won't do to sell your team. The children are sick, ain't they?"

"Yes, and the doctor said that if I didn't get them into a healthier climate they would not live long."

"I believe him. They are terribly peaked and hollow-eyed. And you don't look much better, either."

"I'm not. I have been sick for months. That's why we have nothing. I took up a claim, but was not able to raise a crop, so what money I had was spent and we had nothing to live on."

"You are in a pretty tough row, it seems to me."

"I am. The Lord only knows what to become of these poor little children. They are hungry now, and I don't know when or where they will get any food. If I could work I might earn something for them, but I can't work. I am so weak that I can scarcely stand on my feet."

"Have you had any breakfast?"

"No."

"Did you have food yesterday?"

"Yes, just a bite or two of bread."

"Humph! No wonder you are weak."

"There was only a little food left, and the children cried for it. I couldn't let it up from them."

"Of course not."

Dawson put his hand in his pocket and drew out a five dollar bill.

"Here," he said, "take this. It will buy you something to eat for the present."

The man took the bill. There were tears in his eyes, and when he spoke his voice trembled.

"God bless you!" he said. "You are a good Christian."

Dawson started and turned pale. Then he came very near laughing, but remembering that death was near the refrain from it. It was the first time for many years that anyone had spoken to him like that—the first time he had been called a Christian.

He turned and walked back to where he had left his horse. He started to mount, hesitated an instant, then sprang into his saddle. But he did not ride away. He took a scrap of paper from his pocket, put something in it and rolled it up close. Then he rode back to the man and handed him the little parcel.

"You will find something in that," he said. "You called me a Christian, something I am farther from being than any man on earth, but somehow it seems good to know that somebody thinks better of me than I deserve. Take this paper and what it contains. It is yours."

He whirled his horse about and dashed away. The man opened the paper and inside of it he found a hundred-dollar bill. He looked at the money for a moment in blank astonishment, then he raised his head and looked after Dawson. The latter was away out on the prairie galloping madly to the westward.

The man's eyes filled with tears, and in feeble but joyous tones he cried:

"Thank God! This will save the lives of my little ones! Bless the man who gave it to me!"

That man had heard of Ike Dawson, the noted cattle thief, but he had no idea that it was to him he owed the lives of his children and of himself. But had he known the truth he would have blessed him just the same.

Surprising Facts About Alcohol. Scientific investigators in Germany and Russia recently have been conducting an inquiry respecting alcohol in its relation to dietetics. They have obtained data which seem to point to the very surprising conclusion that alcohol is actually a food, notwithstanding the belief which has long existed to the contrary. Both men and women were employed in these experiments, doses of alcohol sufficient to induce slight intoxication being given to them.

It is found that alcohol takes the place of fat as a fuel, furnishing heat for the body. In small quantities it increases the appetite and helps digestion. But it over-stimulates the action of the heart, and decreases the power of the man to do work. It diminishes the requirement of food by lessening the amount of tissue. These experiments were tried with brandy, claret, koumiss, and kephir. The last is a fermented beverage from cow's milk, prepared with a peculiar ferment called tephir yeast.

What Became of the Bride. A man was arrested in San Francisco the other day for catching fish below the lawful weight.

"Where are the fish?" asked the attorney for the defendant.

"Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer.

"What did you do with them?"

"Oh, I disposed of them."

"What did you do with them?"

"Well, I knew they wouldn't keep, so I—I disposed of them."

"But what did you do with them?"

"My wife cooked them."

"And you ate them?"

"Yes."

"Your honor, I ask that this case be dismissed."

"Charge dismissed and defendant discharged," ruled the justice of the peace on the ground that the arresting officer ate the evidence.

Fluid Bicycle Saddles. In a new bicycle saddle a fluid-tight cushion is filled with glycerine or similar syrup and inclosed by a leather covering to make a flexible seat.

Largest Mass of Ice. The largest mass of ice in the world is in Galicia, Hungary. It is 500 miles long, twenty broad, and 250 feet in thickness.

Royal Eyes. Cleopatra had large, deep-blue eyes. Frederick the Great had large blue eyes with the luster of polished steel.

The Emperor Nero was excessively near-sighted and used a small gem in the shape of a lens to see at a distance.

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SKIPPER AS SCHOOLMASTER.

The Right Man for the Place, But He Served Only One Day.

Thousands of young men and women in this country are annually preparing themselves for the vocation of school-teacher, but there is a shipmaster who tells a good story of how, when he was in a Florida port, he concluded he would accept a school that was offered him and quit the sea.

"I was in Pensacola, Fla., during the winter of 1876," said Captain Blank, "with the English bark Dexter. As I had forty-five day days and the charterers told me they would not begin to load the ship for nearly a month, I concluded I would take quarters ashore and enjoy myself hunting and fishing. One day, while I was in Milton, a small village about ten miles from Pensacola, I met a planter, who made me a very flattering offer to teach a private school in his district, some twenty miles north of Milton. As the salary he offered me was nearly three times as much as I was getting I concluded I would accept it. So that night I drove out with him to his place, and next morning I was introduced to my scholars. You never saw such a lot of children in your life—boys and girls from ten to twenty-two years of age, and as untamed as a hurricane in the Indian Ocean. The planter had been gone about five minutes when the fun began, and from that time till the noon recess these pupils had lots of fun. When school reassembled in the afternoon a big, red-headed lad started the circus by hitting me square in the face with a spitball, and thereby raising a storm. I went outside and got a couple of good-sized clubs, and when I came in I locked the door, took off my coat, and started in. Within five minutes they were cowed. You never in all your life saw such a set of badly whipped boys and girls, and I was so excited, once I got started on them, that any head was good enough for me to hit, and about the only thing I felt sorry for twenty years afterward was the language I used, for I talked pretty much as I would on the quarter-deck of a ship to a mutinous crew. After I had thoroughly beaten the cubs I struck out for Pensacola as fast as my legs would carry me, as I was sure the planters would murder me if they caught me, after giving the children such a trouncing, but a letter I received from the man who engaged me convinced me that, instead of doing me an injury, I could have had anything I wanted. This is the letter I received: 'Milton, Fla., Jan. 15, 1876.—Dear Captain Blank: Inclosed is \$50, your compensation for teaching school one day. During the past five years we have had fully thirty teachers, not one of whom was able to handle our boys and girls for a week, but the thorough licking you gave them will only make it necessary for us in future to say: 'If you don't do right we will go to the city and get some shipmaster to come out and take the school.' Accept my thanks and those of my neighbors for the great service you unconsciously rendered us. Yours truly, J. C. B.'"

"You will find something in that," he said. "You called me a Christian, something I am farther from being than any man on earth, but somehow it seems good to know that somebody thinks better of me than I deserve. Take this paper and what it contains. It is yours."

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CUBAN BLOODHOUNDS.

THEY WERE USED IN THE SOUTH TO HUNT RUNAWAY SLAVES.

Gifted With a Remarkable Instinct for Tracking—They Do Not Bay Like the English Hounds—They Are Now Used to Pursue Escaped Convicts.

The first Cuban bloodhounds landed upon this continent were imported two hundred years ago by Spanish planters of Louisiana, then Spanish territory. We all know what the dogs were about 1790. Negroes were cheaper then, and if a slave gave trouble it did not much matter that the bloodhounds' hold upon his throat was broken only by the tearing of the flesh and tendons. Many times in those days the fugitive negro did not live after his capture. If he succeeded in gaining a tree, his olive-skinned masters shot him out as they would a squirrel. If on the ground when caught the dogs killed him, sometimes before the arrival of the horsemen, who had ridden hard to be in at the death.

The Cuban hound was a valuable dog and he was well treated. In some of the old court records of Louisiana are bills of sale of him. In instances the prices ran as high as \$300 a pair. The breed spread all through the south, although I have never heard of the dogs being used as man hunters in the upper tier of southern states.

As a matter of course, the planters of this century were careful to protect their slaves as far as possible from attacks by the animals. This was generally easy. The runaway slave invariably made for the swamp at the back of the plantation. It contained many streams and lagoons, which aided him in throwing the dogs off the scent.

The bloodhound is now used only in the pursuit of criminals. Every southern penitentiary has a brace or more of them. They are not infrequently a part of the sheriff's outfit. The breed is not always pure, but the dogs serve their purpose better than fairly well. Their keenness of scent is one of the most remarkable things in nature, though it is of value chiefly in the more thinly settled regions. It seems incredible that the more temporary pressure of a man's boot or shoe upon the ground should leave a traceable scent for twenty-four hours, providing that there has been no rain, but there is no doubt that it does. Sometimes in the south a murderer breaks jail. Until the universal introduction of chilled steel cages this was not a difficult matter. Dogs are telegraphed for at a distance probably of 150 miles. They arrive a day after the escape. They are led in leash to the point where the criminal is supposed to have made his exit and uncoupled. They take up the scent instantly and follow it rapidly. The man must have crossed much water or confused his trail with the hurrying footsteps of dozens of others to throw them off. Always supposing that twenty-four hours is the extreme limit of "law" allowed the fugitive, the bloodhounds are the best means of effecting his capture. Having far to travel, they do not bay. They have no breath to waste.

The English bloodhound, or the bloodhound of the continent for that matter, not only bays, but has a remarkable sonorous and beautiful voice. It "opens," as it is technically termed, upon a cold trail and keeps it up until the quarry is sighted or run down.

He is of great size, with deep chest powerful shoulders, massive head drooping jaws and long ears, a remarkably sagacious and affectionate animal, courageous, though not especially savage, and one of the best friends man ever had. This hound is known in the old prints as the "sleuth" hound, or "sleuth" or "sleut"—otherwise "trail"—of the deer. He is called the bloodhound, not because he is particularly fond of blood as a matter of diet, but because, having once found the blood-trail of a wounded animal, he follows it with wonderful staunchness.

The English bloodhound is not used in the south. The dog there is the Cuban bloodhound. He differs materially from his English cousin. He is larger, fiercer and swifter, with more of a bulldog cut about the head. He is probably a descendant of a bull cross. He is invariably mute until his quarry is sighted. Almost any dog will give tongue when he comes within view of the object of his pursuit after a long chase. This dog is not a snapper, as is the English. He is a pinning dog, which comes probably from his bull strain. Once his teeth are locked, they can be disengaged only by the ingenious method of grasping his nostrils and shutting off his breath.

The Italian tenor, Marconi, once made a visit to Rubinstein, during which the latter's little son came tripping eagerly into the music-room and said:

"This is my birthday, papa, and I want a present."

"Very well, my son. What shall it be?"

"A waltz, papa—a new waltz, all for myself, and now."

"What an impatient little son it is," exclaimed the great musician; "but of course you shall have your gift! Here it is—listen! And for you," (turning to the distinguished tenor) "I will play my 'Nero!'"

"It seems almost incredible," says Marconi, "but then and there I witnessed and heard a most remarkable phenomenon—the maestro improvised and played a charming waltz with his left hand, giving me at the same time, with his right, the splendid overture."

The English Walnut. Possibly few trees in the old world are more profitable than the English walnut, which thrives in England and all over the northern part of the continent of Europe. The wood is especially useful for gun stocks and for many articles of furniture, and is found profitable from trees of ten years of age and upward. There is always a good demand for the nuts, so that there are two distinct lines of profit—by the timber and by the fruit. In our country they thrive in any portion of the eastern states, although as they progress northward the tips of the last years shoots are destroyed by winter. The living portions push out again, however, and generally bear as abundantly as before.

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THE WEEK'S NEWS.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12.

Mayor Hilditch and John Donald mortally wounded in a street duel in Hingham, O., during which a son of Donald was shot several times.—B. R. Willis, another of the murderers of David Lambert in Wilton, Conn., arrested in Columbus, O.—Hilda Peterson, unmarried domestic, killed her 2-year-old daughter in Rockville center, L. I., with poison because she could not support the little one.—Three arrests in Paris for a bomb explosion last summer.—Captain at the port in Detroit, charged with duplicating payrolls and swindling the government.—For a second offense of bicycle stealing, man at Riverhead, L. I., given 10 years' sentence.—Senator Hanna said to be a promoter of a pilgrim trust.—Monticello, Ky., almost wiped out by fire.—Death of General Rosecrans in California.—Helen Gould gave \$25,000 to Children's college, New Brunswick, N. J.—Clifford C. Charles Hughes drowned in a pool at Merrimackport, Mass.—Strike of bricklayers threatened in St. Louis against a cut of 15 cents an hour.—Thirty-six clippers on strike in a Lynn foundry for 18 cents an hour.—John Earle beaten to death by his stepsons in Dubuque, Ia.—Counterfeiting plant found in a prison in Folsom, Cal.—Cleveland Brewing and Malt company to include 13 Cleveland breweries and one in Sandusky, with a capital of \$12,000,000.—Secret service agents in New York seized 100,000 sheets of confederate note advertisements and confiscated 18 plates from which the faces of the notes were printed.—Building of three battleships to be recommended to the house by the naval committee.—Senate committee reported adversely on the nomination of T. V. Powderly for immigration commissioner.—Sharkey and Chomsky fight declared a draw in the tenth round.—Passenger reduced between St. Paul and New York reduced to \$13 owing to fight between railroad companies.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14.

Whitely Bros. chair factory in South Ashburnham, Mass., destroyed by fire at a loss of \$50,000.—Brogan's shoe stiffening shop in Salem, Mass., nearly consumed by flames.—Driver for a Boston laundry held up and robbed of \$75.—Eleven burned to death by a fire in a New York boarding house, escape being cut off.—Woman named Tucker killed herself in Clinton, Mass.—Counterfeit silver dollars resembling the genuine closely circulating in Colorado.—J. M. McClellan fatally injured by a locomotive in Everett, Mass.—G. A. Wetherher, clerk, 32 years old, swallowed poison in a Boston hotel.—About 400 employees of a cigar factory in New York on strike against a reduction.—St. Louis people object to the teaching of Spanish in the high school.—Storehouse in Toronto destroyed, with \$25,000 worth of goods.—Hildget Harvey, 25 years, committed suicide in New York.—Unrequited love caused Robert Wallace to take poison in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Hallowell, Me., paralytic strike.—Another tailors' strike threatened in New York.—Lobby more unpopular and disreputable in the British cabinet.—Black steamers Paris safe.—New contract in Mexico let to two Americans, Pa. men.—Antone Marco, for killing his uncle in Stamford, Conn., sentenced to life imprisonment.—Because of dependency over the death of a child, Devan, English, Ind., tried to kill himself and four children with cyanide.

MONDAY, MARCH 15.

J. A. Roberts, 55, hung himself in a coop in Danvers, Mass.—Builder so badly injured by a fall that he had to be amputated in Seattle, Wash.—Steamer Grand Republic burned to the water's edge in South St. Louis.—Patrick Costello, 60 years, cut his throat in the police station in New Britain, Conn.—Andrew Schuller, San Francisco broker, shot his wife fatally and killed himself.—Thomas Cash under arrest in Brooklyn for causing the death of a woman with whom he lived.—Thief giving the name of E. W. Davis of Mass., arrested in Plymouth, Mass.—Body of Thomas Walsh, wholesale grocer, found in a ditch near Joliet, Ill., and positive suspicion that he had been murdered.—Five hundred Japanese women on strike against a change in their pay.—Five thousand dollar fire in banking district of Boston.—John Daily, St. Louis pugilist, cried aloud when acquitted of the charge of killing a woman.—Fine of \$500 imposed on a yacht which carried a party of congressmen to Havana because it was alleged that her papers were out of order.—New battleships to cost \$5,000,000 each.—Reported that the Austrian government, despite the acquittal of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, will demand indemnity for its subjects killed at Lattimer, Pa.—Acting President Cabrera issued a general decree of amnesty to all persons who were driven out of Guatemala during the late President Barrios' regime, and property confiscated to be restored where possible.—Verdict of \$50,000 damages in a suit against the St. Louis and Iron Mountain Railway company for the death of Lieutenant Tomlinson of Washington in Little Rock in 1891.—John McEwan of Albany asphyxiated by gas in a lodging house in Hartford.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15.

Hand lusters substituted for the striking machine operators in South Framingham, Mass.—Heavy floods in Quebec.—Senator Hoar wants a federal law against importing birds or feathers for ornamental purposes.—Workmen in the shoe factory of Spinnery & Company of Seabrook, N. H., struck against the fines system.—Two Brazilian warships bought for the United States navy.—Miner and his son burned to death in Oshanter, Pa., by a fire in their home, from which the mother and three children escaped by jumping from a second story window.—Thomas McAlister of Lynn, Mass., burned fatally by the explosion of a lamp.—Patrick Murphy of Boston, 31 years, had a leg cut off by a locomotive.—Anthony Busch, charged with attempting to wreck a train with a coupling pin.—Driver of a bus at Manassasville, Que., with his horses, was swept away by flood.—John McGowan lost an arm by falling twice upon a factory saw in a bobbin factory in Fall River, Mass.—Peter Cramer killed himself in New Haven with laudanum.—Martin Murray, a newspaper man, struck by a locomotive in Pawtucket, R. I., and fatally injured.—Three insurgent leaders killed while on their way to accept amnesty in Cuba.—Bank in

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.

Abbeville, Ga., failed, and the cashier left town.—Taunton, Mass., strike ended.—William Tenkysbury, brakeman, fatally injured by hitting a bridge near Lewiston, Me.—Austrian emperor seeking to obtain a positive declaration of the powers in the interest of Spain.—Wife of Senator Thurston died in Cuba of apoplexy.

A NEW SQUADRON.

Ideal Plan For Naval Defense Decided Upon.

Naval Department Declines to Have a Station at Hampton Roads—Strategic Considerations Prompted Formation.

Washington, March 18.—The event of Thursday in official circles was the issue of an order for the formation of a new squadron of naval vessels to be stationed at Hampton Roads. The squadron in the beginning will consist of five ships, all of the best of their types. Two of them, the battleships Massachusetts and Texas, are withdrawn from the present North Atlantic fleet at Key West and Fort Morris. It would be a grave mistake to suppose that in ordering this movement the navy department is animated by any purpose of yielding to representations or intimations that may have come from the Spanish minister as to the possibility of a naval force as Admiral Sclater's fleet in the vicinity of Cuba. On the contrary, the formation of the new squadron was brought about by purely strategic considerations, although it appears from the nature of the force so far under orders to rendezvous at Hampton Roads that this strategy is of the defensive nature.

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HENRY N. JETER, Executor.

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By order of said Court.

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NOTICE is hereby given for all persons interested in the estate of BENJAMIN BARBER, late of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., deceased, who will be heard on the petition of the Probate Court of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., to be held at the Town Hall in said Tiverton, on the first Monday in April next, at one o'clock, P. M., and to be heard on the first and final account of A. Lincoln Hambley, Administrator of the estate of BENJAMIN BARBER, late of said Tiverton, deceased.

By order of said Court.

JOHN T. COOK, Clerk.

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By order of said Court.

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Probate Clerk's Office, Tiverton, R. I., March 17th, 1898.

PROBATE NOTICE.

THE BROWN STONE

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having been appointed by the Honorable Court of Probate of New York, R. I., executor of the last will and testament of JAMES THOMAS, late of said New York, deceased, and having been qualified according to law, requests all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to present them to him or to the undersigned, at the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date hereof, and those indebted to make payment to him.

HENRY N. JETER, Executor.

Newport, R. I., March 14th, 1898.

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By order of said Court.

JOHN T. COOK, Clerk.

Probate Clerk's Office, Tiverton, R. I., March 17th, 1898.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of BENJAMIN BARBER, late of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., deceased, who will be heard on the petition of the Probate Court of the Town of Tiverton, R. I., to be held at the Town Hall in said Tiverton, on the first Monday in April next, at one o'clock, P. M., and to be heard on the first and final account of A. Lincoln Hambley, Administrator of the estate of BENJAMIN BARBER, late of said Tiverton, deceased.

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PROBATE NOTICE.

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OF ROBERT &

E. DENNIS,
A. SIMMONS,
FRANKLIN.

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and no reason why I should not venture it is said he would not venture of the hotel without an experienced bodyguard. This is what he says in his trip:

I had the hottest time you ever read about. It was a continual whirl from time I left Dallas till I got back, and I am glad to get back to a place where you can shake hands with a man without keeping your other hand under a gun or a knife. My! but those Texans are warm ones. New York is said to contain 3,000,000 people. I believe that 2,975,000 of them are confidence men and the other 25,000 are honest just because it pays. Texas is good enough for me for awhile."

The Velocity of Light.

It requires four years and four months for a ray of light to reach us from the nearest star, and yet light travels at the rate of 186,330 miles in second. At this rate a first-class express train running at the speed of thirty-seven miles an hour, would require a continuous run of 75,000,000 of years to reach Alpha Centauri. It would take 50,000,000 of years for a cannon ball travelling at the usual speed of such projectiles to reach this same point, which is our nearest star neighbor.

Oldest New England House.

A tablet placed by the Society of Colonial Dames on the old Whitefield house in Guilford, Guilford, Conn., was unveiled last week. This stone house was built in 1636 and is the oldest in New England. It was used for years as a meeting-house.